SHREWSBURY QUARRY:

A

POEM.

In Imitation of Mr. POPE's

WINDSOR-FOREST.

Inscrib'd to the Rev.

Mr. *LEONARD HOTCHKIS.*

Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sunt consule dignæ. VIRG.

SALOP: Printed by R. LATHROP, 1747.

(PRICE SIX-PENCE.)

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SHREWSBURY.

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In Imitation of "WINDSOR-FOREST."

To which is added

Mr. LEONARD NOTCHETT'S

Translation of Part of the Ode of Horace. Vide.

SALOP: Printed by R. Lathrop, 1772.

(Price Six Pence.)

SHREWSBURY QUARRY.

A

POEM.

SALOPIAN Plains, thoſe ſhady green Retreats,
At once the Lover's and the Poet's Seats,
Invite my Muſe: fair Daughter of LOCRINE,
Guardian of circling *Severn*, Nymph divine,
Who oft in Shape of dying Swans haſt Sung,
And ſtay'd with pleaſing Notes a num'rous Throng,
Thee I invoke; aſſiſt my humble Lays;
Thy own beloved Plains I ſtrive to praiſe.
HOTCHKIS, accept my early ruſtick Song,
To you by right my firſt Attempts belong.

To form the tender Mind's your ſpecial Care,
For you the Muſes to our Seats repair;
For you they ſeek our Streams in tuneful Quire,
And fill *Salopian* Bards with ſacred Fire.

Thus did EGERIA, pious Nymph, retreat
To that bleſt Grott, that ſhady verdant Seat,
Near which good NUMA rul'd his infant State:
By her inſpir'd th' unpoliſh'd *Romans* knew,
What to the Gods, and what to Men was due.

Heſperian Gardens, and *Calypſo*'s Iſle,
Elyſian Fields, and *Enna*'s fertile Soil,
Bleſt Seats, will ever keep their blooming Spring,
While Moderns read, what ancient Poets ſing.
And WINDSOR FOREST will preſerve it's Shades,
It's watry Plains, it's Greens, and op'ning Glades;
Will live, great POPE, in thy delightful Page,
Tho' real Scenes might be effac'd with Age.

Salopian Quarry (had I equal Fire)
Should live in Fame, and ne'er by Age expire;

In Beauty it excells *Calypso*'s Isle,
Elysian Fields, and *Enna*'s fertile Soil;
Nor yield our Plains to WINDSOR's glorious Seat,
They both alike adorn *BRITANNIA*'s State.

Here ‡ *JENKS*'s Art e'en dares with Nature vye,
To form the Scenes, that charm th' unweary'd Eye:
Here Hill and Dale, here Shade, and flow'ry Green,
Are in a regular Confusion seen.
Here lowing Herds on painted Carpets feed,
And wanton Steeds run prancing o'er the Mead.
When gentle *Zephyrs* fan th' approaching Spring,
Their warbling Notes the Wood-musicians Sing;
Melodious Concerts welcome dawning Day,
When *Philomela* stops her tuneful Lay.

Then to *Sabrina*'s winding Bank repairs
The patient Fisher, now oppress'd with Years,
He takes his Stand, and eyes the moving Quill
Intent, and hopes the finny Race to Kill.
But hopes in vain, no eager Fish appears,

‡ In his Mayoralty the Trees were Set, &c.

Tho' gath'ring Clouds diſtill their drizling Tears:
The Swain impatient grown begins to fret,
Complains, his Time is loſt, his Cloaths are wet,
When lo! he ſees amidſt the watry Plains,
The Virgin-Guardian of the Silver Streams.
Aſtoniſh'd, Silent, Motionleſs he Stands,
While his Attention thus the Nymph demands.

" My Streams, old Swain, were once with Plenty fill'd,
" And various Fiſh thy angling Reed has kill'd,
" The red-finn'd Roach have dy'd beneath thy Hand,
" And ſcaly Dace have flounc'd on ſunny Land.
" Thy bearded Hook has made the Flounder feel,
" Thy dancing Cork betray'd the nibling Eel:
" But now alas! your patient Toil is vain,
" Since ſmall-meſh Nets the very Spawn retain.
" The Pinks themſelves in Safety ſcarce will Play,
" For Fiſh as ſmall become a ſhameful Prey.
" Salmon alone maintain my former Fame,
" Salmon, moſt luſcious in my Silver Streams;

" For theſe, ye Swains, unwholeſome Dews ſuſtain,
" For theſe endure the thick-deſcending Rain.
" In leathern Skiffs ye cut the riſing Wave,
" In Skiffs ye toil: the Art SABRINA gave;
" *Salopian* Swains alone in Cor'cles ſwim,
" Oe'r *Severn* Streams alone the Cor'cles ſkim.
This ſaid, ſhe div'd towards the adverſe Shore,
The Fiſher gaz'd, but ſaw the Nymph no more.
Thoughtful he gaz'd, and fixt admiring ſtood,
Loſt to himſelf he view'd the circling Flood,
When lo! appears the painted Boat in Sight,
Which bending Oars impell in rapid Flight.
Th' incumbent Row'rs their Strokes in Concert keep,
With ſtrong-brac'd Arms they plough the frothing Deep.
The raptur'd Swain his thoughtful Silence broke,
And Nymph-inſpir'd prophetically ſpoke.
" When firſt I heard the ſound of ‡ *Edmund*'s Oar,
" And ſaw amaz'd the rolling Waves on Shore,
" The ſound I thought, proclaim'd a Viſion near,

‡ Mr. *Littlehales* Draper.

" And lovely *Sabrin* would again appear.
" But ſoon the Boat convine'd my erring Mind,
" I ſaw my Townmen on their Oars inclin'd;
" Thus when my ardent youthful Blood ran high,
" And Buſineſs call'd me from my native Sky:
" Thus have I ſeen on *Iſis* learned Stream,
" Or on the Waves, they call the lordly *Tame*,
" The eager Youth, enflam'd with gen'rous Blood,
" In Emulation cut the yeilding Flood.
" The painted Veſſels grac'd the headlong Fords,
" And bending Row'rs appear'd like River-Gods.
" Like them in Time our Youth by *Edmund* fir'd,
" Shall skim the liquid Plains, and row admir'd.

But hark! loud Drums diſturb the ſpeaking Seer,
And thund'ring Guns proclaim the Soldiers near;
The Soldiers to our ſpacious Plains repair
To practiſe, or to learn the Muſquet-War.
" Thus in the Field, near which the *Tiber* flow'd,
" The Field devoted to the Warrior-God,

The Sons of *Rome*, by able Captains taught,
Wag'd harmleſs War, and mimick Battles fought.
Like them our Youth in manly Sports contend,
Add ſtrength to Limbs, and Conſtitutions mend;
See with what Force they meet the rearing Balls,
That fly, and ſtrike the crazy tott'ring Walls;
Walls feel th' effect of Corporation-Jars,
And trembling Towers ſeem to beg Repairs.
Not ſo regardleſs of their Country's Good
Were they, who made the ſubterraneous Flood:
Thro' *Sabrin*'s Waves they taught the * diſtant Spring,
To SALOP's Streets it's Stream unmixt to bring.
Thus gentle *Arethuſa*, Nymph divine,
Melodious Fav'rite of the ſacred *Nine*,
Runs pure beneath the Salt *Sicanian* Sea,
Where'er ſhe glides the *Dorian* Waves give Way.
When *Quarry*-Trees their Silver Drops diſtill,
And icy Pearls enrich the neighb'ring Hill,
Then ardent Swains impatiently purſue
The bounding Foot-ball thro' the hoary Dew.

* The Conduit-Head.

It flys, they run, it leaps, they headlong ruſh,
Each following each precipitately puſh,
When lo! diſtorted Grinns betray the painful Cruſh.

Not ſo the Youth, who warm their gen'rous Blood
By ſwiftly ſliding o'er the glaſſy Flood;
They, tamely wiſe, avoid the dang'rous Game,
Nor hazard tender Limbs to purchaſe worthleſs Fame.

But Winter-Scenes no Muſe will deign to Paint,
The Verſe runs roughly ſlow, the Senſe is faint:
Clio denies in frozen Climes to ſing,
Return, ſhe ſays, return to genial Spring.

All Nature feels the Sun's returning Ray,
When ſportful Swallows ſhew the lengthning Day.
The gaudy painted Goldfinch ſtrains his Throat,
And circling woos his Mate with tuneful Note.
To pleaſe his Spouſe the Wagtail cow'rs his Wings,
And chuckling flies around in airy Rings.
Young *Cupid* reigns; the Bird, the Beaſt, the Grove,
E'en all Things own the boundleſs Pow'r of Love:
The bending Branches in Conjunction meet,

And ſhady Lime-trees ſhady Lime-trees greet.
In vain the Sun emits his burning Rays,
Their ſcorching Heat can't pierce united Sprays.
In vain the Drops deſcend in vernal Show'rs,
Drops following Drops can't pierce the leafy Bowr's.
Pleas'd with theſe Shades in *Britain*'s fertile Soil,
The Queen of Love forſook the *Cyprian* Iſle:
Cythera, *Paphos*, and *Idalian* Groves,
(Once happy Seats, where ſported wanton *Loves*,
And *Graces* play'd with lovely cooing Doves,)
Depriv'd of Charms, lament their abſent Queen,
While ſhe, *Salopia*, trips along the Green:
Here reigns the Goddeſs in her rural Court,
While *Cupids* play on *Sabrin*'s Banks in Sport.
By them inſpir'd at *Sol*'s declining Hour,
Hark! gallant Lovers bleſs th' alluring Bow'r,
The Nymphs approach; *Salopia*'s Pride is near,
If *Salop*'s proud, behold the Cauſe is here!
The Nymphs approach; prepare, ye Swains prepare,
Who can unſhaken meet th' advancing Fair?

Unmov'd who hears them charm with lively Talk?
Unmov'd who ſees them ſparkle thro' the Walk?
Bleſt SHREWSB'RY-Walks the brighteſt Beauties yield,
The wiſer Swains prefer no diſtant Field.
What if DIANA *Windſor*-Grove admires,
Or ſtately JUNO to the *Park* retires?
While *Shrewſb'ry* Walks delight the matchleſs Maids,
The *Park* and *Windſor* yield to *Shrewſb'ry* Shades.
The ſtarry Skies emit no brighter Ray,
Nor Lights more nam'r[illegible] deck the *milky-Way*.
What heav'nly Light with charming *Sylvia* vyes?
Or what two Stars can equal *Lucia*'s Eyes?
But Charms like theſe enamour'd Swains will write,
Or raptur'd Beaux, whom * love-ſick Odes delight;
Theſe oft I've ſeen, bleſt Bards, on tip-toe riſe,
In tuneful Tranſports, or melodious Sighs.
Enough for me, that in *Salopian* Plains,
My rural Muſe firſt ſung *Sicilian* Strains.

* Alluding to the Song in the Magazine, on Miſs *H—y W—n*.

F I N I S.